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JIM AND JOE AND I.

Underneath the pussy-willows
Where the pool is deep;
Where the shiners and the perch
And the turtles sleep;
Where the water, nice and cool,
Dimpled to the sky;
There we used to go and swim,
Jim and Joe and I.

Down the valley in the glen
Was a dam that we
Built when we were little men,
Happy, gay and free;
There we camped a week or so,
Sleeping in a tent;
There we had a water-fall
And a wheel that went.

Down among the alder brush,
Hidden half away,
Was the sawmill by the stream
Where we used to play;
There we used to launch our ships—
Chips upon the tide,
Loaded down with sawdust, and
Dreams, perhaps, beside.

Wonder where the boys are gone?
Jolly Jim and Joe—
Chaps who used to play with me
Years and years ago?
Dam and mill and water-fall
All have passed away;
And there's nothing left but dreams,
Dreams that come to stay.
—H. S. Keller, in Chicago Post.

Cecil's False Faith.

BY ANNA SHEILDS.

"IT IS monstrous!"

Cecil was marching up and down the long drawing-room at Wellford place, his face angrily flushed, his brow in heavy wrinkles, his whole frame quivering with passion. I had just told him the terms of Uncle Harry Wellford's will, for he had been in New Orleans when our uncle died and reached home three days after the funeral. "It was a letter from Mr. Hay," I said, "that almost killed Uncle Harry. We thought he had made a new will, but it could not be found."

Cecil's face brightened.

"A letter from Mr. Hay! A new will!" he said, musingly, but keeping his eyes keenly bent upon my face. "Why did you think that?"

"Mr. Potter told Willard so; but we could not find it and—and—Willard seemed to be pleased."

"No doubt! The cur! No doubt the new will gave me the rights of which he has robbed me."

"Oh, Cecil, don't—please don't!" I pleaded. "Willard is not a cur or a thief."

And yet I said it falteringly, for was not Cecil my cousin and betrothed and Willard only my guardian under Uncle Harry's will, and scarcely even a friend as yet?

But Cecil clenched his hands hard a moment and said:

"Tell me again the terms of this unjust will?"

"Uncle Harry has left me the house and $10,000, and to you $30,000; all the rest—the factory, the real estate in New York, the bank stock—you know, Cecil—all the rest goes to Willard!"

I shuddered at the oath that broke from Cecil's lips. "But Mr. Hay's letter?" he asked.

"Uncle was very ill when that came and he sent for Mr. Potter at once. I cannot tell you any more excepting that a search was made for the will and Willard seemed relieved when it was not found."

Cecil made no reply to this. His anger seemed to have been rising till it made him speechless. He strode out at the French window and down the garden path, while I threw myself upon the sofa and cried as I had seldom cried in all my petted life. For Cecil was my betrothed, had been away more than a year, and I fancied I loved him. His letters had been brief and cold for a long time, and now, after one cold caress, he had spoken only of Uncle Harry's will—not one loving, tender word to me—doubly orphaned by our uncle's death.

Willard was not our own cousin, but Uncle Harry's stepson, and much older than either Cecil or myself. We were still children when Willard was sent to Paris to take charge of the importations for our uncle's business and he had lived there until Cecil went to New Orleans to control a branch establishment. Before Cecil left we were formally betrothed.

But I knew that Cecil was not pleasing Uncle Harry; that he was extravagant, negligent of important business affairs, and ugly stories of dissipation came often to grieve us. Mr. Hay, an immensely wealthy Louisiana planter, who was one of Uncle Harry's friends and business correspondents, had made Cecil warmly welcome in his family, and the letter that had so agitated him had been at once destroyed, and no hint of its contents given to me.

But long before this Willard had come home upon business and Uncle Harry would not let him leave again. He was a great contrast to Cecil.

Cecil, at 25, was the handsomest man I ever saw, with curling brown hair and large blue eyes, a smiling mouth and perfect features. He was seven years older than myself, but ten years younger than Willard.

Willard, when he came from Paris, was a dark-haired, dark-eyed man, with a grave face, settled habits of punctuality, a reserved manner; a man who inspired confidence and whom Uncle Harry, at nearly 70 years of age, respected, which was a high compliment.

I was glad Willard was away upon some business of the estate as I watched Cecil pacing up and down the garden walks, restlessly beheading all my pet flowers with his cane. If they quarreled, I thought, with a shudder—Cecil looked murderous.

Then I cried again until Mrs. Stone, my old governess, who remained as my companion, came in to comfort me. The dear old lady was very kind, very gentle, but she said little about Cecil, and that little seemed to advise me to think no more about him. It bewildered me! Of course I did not expect a wedding to follow a funeral at once, but why was Cecil to be treated like one in disgrace? The new will may have given him Willard's place and property. He evidently thought so.

He came in after an hour or two, in which he had walked off the worst of his rage, but there was a look in his eyes that was worse than hot anger, and he said:

"That will must be found!"

"There was a thorough search made for it!" Mrs. Stone said, coldly.

"Yes, by interested parties!" was the sneering reply. "The house is yours, Marian, no Willard's. I ask your permission to look for the will."

I gave it and then escaped to my own room. He would look for the will, perhaps find it, and Willard would lose his inheritance. And I was not glad! A horrible weight oppressed me as I thought of Cecil master in Wellford Place—master of the factory—my husband!

At the last thought the scales fell at last from my girlish eyes, and I knew that my love for Cecil was but the natural affection of a child for a life companion, exalted to an ideal perfection by a youthful imagination. And when the idol had fallen there rose in its place a grave face with large, soft, black eyes, and I covered my own face to hide hot blushes; for never had Willard spoken one word of love to Cecil's betrothed—never given me other than the gentle courtesy due to his stepfather's niece and his short-time ward.

He was a king amongst men, and I knew it. For years I had known of Uncle Harry's affection and trust in his Paris agent and since he had been at home I had not wondered at either. The factory hands fairly worshiped him, for he was strict in rule, just in every dealing, stern to rebuke fault, and yet in trouble or illness he was generous as a prince and gentle as a woman.

And while I thought of all this I could hear Cecil in the room so lately solemnized by the presence of death, tossing about the furniture, rummaging everywhere, to disinherit Willard. I could not bear it. At least he should know the danger menacing him!

I slipped downstairs and over to the village, nearly two miles away, sending from there a telegram to New York—only a few words to

"Willard Dennison, M—— Hotel, New York:

"You are needed at Wellford Place immediately. MARIAN."

Then I sped homeward, already relieved. At least he would come back and know of Cecil's return. It was evening when we heard him in the hall.

"I HAVE FOUND IT."

I had been reading and Cecil fingering the keys of the piano when Willard came in.

His face was very grave, but he spoke cordially to Cecil, who answered briefly and insultingly—almost accusing him of concealing the will. For one second the dark eyes flashed angrily, but before he spoke Willard wore his calm, self-possessed face again.

"You are unjust, Cecil," he said; "all my influence was exerted in your behalf."

"It looks so!" was the sneering reply.

"Your uncle thought his business should be left in competent and experienced hands. Have yours proved to be so?"

"No. I am not a bargaining tradesman. Uncle Harry trained me for a gentleman."

The sneering emphasis brought a dusky red for a moment on Willard's dark cheek. He spoke with stern emphasis:

"Be content, then, to leave the cares of trade to me. Your income and prospects will give you sufficient for idle ease."

His prospects! I looked up then, so puzzled that Willard said:

"Is it possible you have not told Marian?"

"You have doubtless done so."

"No, it was not my duty—certainly not my pleasure."

"Told me what?" I cried, with a dizzy feeling and choking of my breath.

Mrs. Stone answered:

"Your uncle's letter from Mr. Hay announced Mr. Cecil Wellford's engagement to Miss Rose Hay."

"You may as well add," said Cecil, "that we were privately married the day I left. No one knows that as yet, but I shall claim my bride when I return to New Orleans.

I staggered toward the door, but would have fallen had not a strong arm held me up as I reeled forward. The same kind support led me to the library and placed me in a deep armchair. I must have been white and looked faint, for a moment later a glass of wine was held to my lips, and Willard said, very tenderly:

"Drink this, Marian! My poor child, try to think he is not worthy of your regret."

That nerved me. I drank the wine and said: "I am not grieving! I am glad—glad!"

And then I broke into hysterical weeping. I was but a girl, and had been tried hardly in the last few weeks. I had thought all my tears spent, but they flowed freely, as I buried my face in the cushion of the chair and sobbed.

A gentle hand stroked my curls, and, after I was quieter, I heard Willard leave the library.

Cecil had gone to his own room, and Mrs. Stone was alone, when at last I returned to the drawing-room. She understood me, I think, for when she kissed me, she said:

"I wanted to tell you before, but your uncle forbade it."

"Was he pleased?" I asked.

"I cannot tell you. Mr. Hay is an old friend, and his only child will doubtless inherit large wealth, but your uncle never spoke of the matter to me beyond giving me the letter to read and destroy and telling me to keep the matter from you till we heard from Cecil."

"But the will?"

"Of that I know nothing."

We were a constrained party at breakfast, but when the meal was over Cecil announced his determination to search in Uncle Harry's room until the will was found. Very gravely Willard advised him to let the matter rest, but was answered by such taunts as no man could bear patiently.

"Have your will!" he said. "We will all search again."

But after all the search fell upon Cecil and Mrs. Stone. I would not stir a finger, and Willard stood beside me while the others turned over every paper and rummaged every corner. As Cecil opened a Japan cabinet full of rare coins and stones, I saw Willard turn pale, and a moment later Cecil cried: "I have found it!"

He opened it hastily. It was very short, and as he read all the blood deserted his face and he gasped for breath. It was long before he spoke. Then he said:

"You have seen this?"

"I have," said Willard, gravely.

"You—hid—it!"

"No! I suspected its whereabouts, but did not know!"

"And you would have let it lie there?"

"I will destroy it now if you consent. Let the matter lie between us two."

He glanced nervously at me. But Cecil said: "Marian must see it!" and gave me the paper.

Then I knew that my uncle had revoked his old legacy to Cecil and left him five dollars, while my inheritance was left intact, upon condition that I married Willard.

The paper fell from my hands, and I covered my face. Willard's voice broke an oppressive silence.

"This paper concerns us only," he said, "and I take the responsibility of destroying it."

I heard a match scrape and Cecil's voice saying:

"You are nobler than I am."

Footsteps left the room, and I thought I was alone till I heard Willard's voice, low and tender:

"Marian," he said, "your uncle guessed the secret of my love for you, though I implored him to leave you free, but he made the will you have just seen. Only its ashes remain, and you are free, as before. Do not grieve, Marian. It breaks my heart to see you unhappy!"

I lifted my face then. My secret must have been in my eyes, for I was caught in a strong clasp, and a tender kiss fell on my lips, as Willard whispered:

"My love! My wife!"

So Cecil, returning to his own wife, knew that his false faith had left no broken heart at Wellford Place, where, in the Christmas time of rejoicing, there was a quiet wedding, and I became indeed Willard's wife.—N. Y. Ledger.

Extremity of Loyalty.

Loyalty will sometimes induce strange sacrifices. If we are to believe a serious contemporary, there was a member of parliament at the Windsor garden party whose devotion to the crown carried him far. When the servants handed round gold-tipped cigarettes, this legislator took one and essayed to light it. His wife, standing by, reproved him with connubial solicitude and candor. "You know, dear," she said, "you never can smoke without being very sick." But the member of parliament was not to be deterred. "If my queen," he nobly answered, "invites me to smoke, I will smoke, cost what it may." The name of the loyal legislator has not been recorded, nor his subsequent proceedings that eventful afternoon. We hope his wife got him home safely.—St. James' Gazette.

Charlotte Wolter's Voice.

When Charlotte Wolter, the great German actress, who died recently in Vienna, began her stage career, her voice was disagreeable, harsh, hesitating and girlish. From that same throat proceeded a few years later a voice such as has never before or since been heard on the German stage, metallic and full, so charming, so intensely affecting. Now the listener's ear reveled in the sweetness of her tones, now it was carried away by their irresistible force. The "Wolter-schrei" (Wolter cry) is a new German word, coined expressly to designate the expression of the utmost horror, a terrible cry, piercing to the very marrow in one's bones, which she uttered in Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—The smallest diocese in the world is said to be that of St. Helena. The bishop, Dr. Welby, receives a salary of $900, and oversees three clergymen. Still, he has the title of bishop.

—French railroads earned $10,850 per mile last year, of which 51.6 per cent was used for working expenses.

THE RECENT PLAGUE IN INDIA.

Intense Aversion of the Natives to Removal of Hospitals.

There was a "Blue Book" issued the other day containing the official story of the bubonic plague in India down to May. This, of course, does not include the period of the outrages in Poona and the riots in Calcutta; but there is much in the dispatches that helps us to understand the native panic. * * * As to the sanitary precautions enforced, the Bombay government resisted for some time the attempt of the Indian government, urged by the home government, to impose too drastic regulations upon the people. This was the opinion of the Bombay administration.

From the beginning of the outbreak of this disease it has been found that the native inhabitants of the city are very reluctant to leave their houses or to allow any member of their family afflicted with the disease to be taken away. Indeed, their dread of the disease itself appears to be hardly so powerful as their horror of being removed from their houses. Ignorance and superstition prevent them from discerning either that removal to a hospital is good for the sick or removal to infected dwellings good for the healthy, and they are far more easily moved by fear of the municipal and police authorities than by any realization of the benefits that will accrue from a sensible course of action. It is estimated that not less than 300,000 persons have already fled from Bombay, moved so to do, not only by fear of the plaugue, but quite as much, if not more, by an unfounded and unreasonable fear of what might happen to them at the hands of the police and municipal authorities were they to remain.

The exodus has already necessitated precautionary measures against arrivals from Bombay in every part of the presidency; it has led to the plague becoming epidemic in Poona and in parts of the Thana district; it has resulted in overcrowding by refugees from Bombay of many cities and towns, and it has made demands on the number of qualified medical practitioners available to the government, that can with difficulty be met. Every addition to the number of refugees adds to the possibility of spreading the disease, and to the difficulty of dealing with it should it break out.

The measures taken may not have been so stringent as those that would, in a European city, have gained general support, but they are the most stringent that it was possible to undertake without almost certainly producing a calamity more serious and more widespread than the very terrible one that has now to be dealt with.

The Indian government, however, were impressed by the necessity of decisive action, and replied:

"The government of India having carefully considered your telegram 292-P.; dated 13th, and letter 263-P., dated 12th, regarding the evacuation of plague-infected houses, regret that, while giving full weight to the opinions of the local government in regard to the disposition of the people, they are unable to accept the view that the considerations adduced in your letter show that it is impracticable to induce people to move from infected houses to a healthy locality. This course has been strongly recommended by the medical adviser of the government of India. It is only the measure attacking the root of evil which appears practicable, and experience in Karachi seems to show that it can be so introduced as not to offend the prejudices of the people and is effectual in holding the disease in check."—London News.

Medical Reform in China.

China has long been the stronghold of barbarous and complicated civilization. As an empire she has cultivated customs permeated by the most ridiculous superstitions known to mankind. The frailty of scientific foundation, in fact, that lies at the foot of their supremely clever ignorance, is especially conspicuous in the art of medicine. Chinese practitioners, it is well known, dose their patients with wasps' nests, elephants' skin, and every kind of filth and abomination. But signs are not wanting that a huge wave of reform is about to sweep over the medical world of China. In other words, the Chinese are beginning to recognize the superiority of western medicine. The process of adoption is likely, however, to be slow, although the government has officially signified, from time to time, its approval of the medical practice of the foreign devils. In China, social reforms spread from the throne downwards, so that there appears some remote prospect for the general introduction of scientific medicine among the population of that huge empire. If the emperor be really in earnest, the best plan would be to send over a large number of young Chinamen to the medical schools of Europe.—London Medical Press.

A Peculiar Experience.

"By the way," remarked the returned globe-trotter, cheerily; "I had a rather peculiar experience while in Egypt. After toiling wearily up to the apex of the largest pyramid, I came face to face with a man who had climbed up from the opposite side. Of course we became quite friendly and exchanged confidences; and, imagine my surprise at discovering that this lone stranger, whom I had met for the first time on the summit of an Egyptian pyramid, bore the same name, letter for letter, as myself."

"It was indeed surprising," replied the casual acquaintance, to whom the traveler was relating the reminiscence. "By the by, pardon me for asking your name? We have never been introduced, you know."

"My name," returned the globe-trotter, "is John Smith."—Puck.

—There is a 15-year-old widow at Covington, Ky. The girl was married a year ago to a 19-year-old boy, all the parents consenting. The husband died a few days ago.

GENTLE JEAN INGELOW.

Her Life of Modesty, Contentment, and Tranquil Resignation.

Jean Ingelow, who died recently in London, seemed curiously out of place in the literary life of the day when any writer who has done anything to attract attention lives so much in the public eye. Jean Ingelow's career was quiet and gentle in its course. The greater part of her work, however, was done at a period previous to that in which the public interest in celebrities was as fully gratified as it is to-day. For nearly a quarter of a century she had been neglected by the world in spite of the great popularity that her earlier writings had won. But it is certainly notable that a writer who was esteemed the most popular woman poet of her day, whose books in her country ran through 23 editions and in the United States were sold to the number of 200,000, should never have been interviewed. But this was one of Miss Ingelow's distinctions.

Probably this resulted from the horror of publicity which had always prevented her from appearing in gatherings of notable persons. It is said that she would not even accept invitations to dinners at which the company was likely to be made up too much of well-known persons. There was one series of entertainments in which she indulged herself for many years. Three times a week she invited to dinner at her house the poor people lately discharged from the hospitals in the neighborhood, and it is said that in her own view of the world the dinner table was a place much more adapted to such practical charity than to poetry. Her acquaintance was not limited, however, to persons so distant from her own sphere. Many eminent literary men of the time were among her intimate friends. Ruskin was one of these—and he is said to have taken particular pleasure in her society—Lord Tennyson was another, and her personal set had included Dante Gabriel Rosetti, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and many others of almost equal fame.

Miss Ingelow was born in a small town in Lincolnshire, where her father was a banker, and, although she had lived for many years previous to her death in Kensington, it is said that her shy, modest manners never lost the quality that her early life in the country had given them. She was never a beauty, although her face was wonderfully attractive in its sweetness and variability of expression to the persons who knew her. Although as a child of five she had shown a wonderful sensitiveness to rhythm, her first poems were not published until she was 43 years old. The book was published anonymously at her own expense. When the small edition was exhausted her publisher advised her that it would not be wise to attempt the experiment of another issue. But the great popularity that her work suddenly achieved proved the fallacy of that counsel. She became suddenly famous, and it was not long before all the eminent writers of the day had made her acquaintance. She and her mother had moved to Kensington, and this sudden extension of her acquaintance was not without its embarrassment to a woman whose previous life had been so quiet.

She had not read a great deal before she began her career as a poet, and she attributed much of the freshness of her verse to this circumstance. The success of her first volume was never repeated. The public would never be attracted to her succeeding works as it had been to the verses that made their appearance so modestly in 1863. For many years before her death she had known nothing of the delights that the golden years of her fame—years limited to little more than a decade—had brought so unexpectedly to her. But it is said that her gentle, optimistic nature never showed any resentment at the indifference of the public. She was eminently hopeful, contented, and determined to take the sunniest view of life. Her natural disposition luckily made this attitude the easiest for her. So she was never heard to complain of the fickleness of the public taste, which for many years had left her quite out of its thoughts.—N. Y. Sun.

Pine Bark Boats.

Everybody is familiar with the birch-bark boats, or canoes, of the American Indians, but the fact is not so well known that some of the aboriginal inhabitants of the western shore of this continent were accustomed to make boats of pine bark. A model of one of these in the Smithsonian museum served recently as a text for a talk by Prof. Otis T. Mason on the evolution of boats. The boat in question was, he said, an exact representation of those in use along certain parts of the Columbia river. It is made of the whole skin of a pine tree, which is turned inside out, the ends being cut obliquely and drawn together in such a manner that he vessel has a pointed ram under water at each end. Directly across the Pacific ocean from the Columbia is the River Amur, in Asia. Prof. Mason thinks the fact that similar boats are found on the Amur may have a bearing on the problem of former emigration from Asia to North America.—Youth's Companion.

Under One Umbrella.

On a quiet thoroughfare off St. Charles there might have been seen during the heavy rain the other afternoon a shaggy Newfoundland dog carrying a spread umbrella in his mouth, his dripping tail sticking out from under and wagging complacently. Investigation revealed the fact that there was a little girl under the umbrella with the dog, her tiny arm thrown around his neck, and the two tripping along most amicably. "My name is Marie," said the little maid, upon being questioned, "and this is Beauregard, my very own dog. Yes, Beaury goes to school with me. I go to the kindergarten, you know, and he always carries the umbrella if it's raining, because I can't, you see, and he can."—N. O. Cor. Philadelphia Times.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, and Representative Cochran, of Missouri, look like twins.

—Russell Sage has not, within the memory of the oldest broker, taken a vacation during the hot weather.

—J. Pierpont Morgan will not go to the Klondike region after his gold, but will trust to luck for an opportunity to gather it in when it gets here.

—English papers say that Queen Victoria was very much grieved at the death of Mrs. Oliphant, for whom she entertained a strong personal regard.

—A team of mules in San Meto, Fla., became entangled in a wild grape vine, and disturbed a nest of hornets. Before the driver could extricate the mules the hornets had stung the animals to death, in less than five minutes.

—A curious accident happened near York, Pa. A young man stood his gun against a tree, while he climbed the tree in search of a bird's nest. This movement jarred the tree trunk, the gun was discharged, and the contents entered his body, causing death.

—The highest bridge in Germany spans the Wupperthal, at Mugsten. It is 360 feet high and 1,630 feet long, and the central arch has a span of 530 feet. The only higher bridge in Europe is the Garabit viaduct, 405 feet high, in southern France.

—An uncommon disease has for two months alarmed the parents of Annie Waterbury, aged 11, of Noroton, Conn. The girl's flesh is gradually hardening, until now it is almost as hard as wood. So far the physicians have been unable to give relief.

—A theological student visited the Chicago jail, and there prayed with some of the prisoners. While thus engaged, some of the playful prisoners combined business with their devotions, and picked the student's pockets, taking his watch and purse.

—A private menagerie affords amusement to the khedive of Egypt. To gratify an insane spite, he calls the unclean and disagreeable animals after persons and rulers whom he dislikes, and when he is in a bad humor he beats and otherwise abuses them.

FOIBLES OF RICH PEOPLE.

Some Think It Degrading to Ride in the Common Street Cars.

"That one-half of the inhabitants of New York has no conception of the manner in which the other half exists goes without saying," remarked a society woman recently, "but I never realized how differently the lives, habits and occupations of the rich of our own differ from those of 'nous outres,' who are only moderately well off, until the other day at a sort of drawing-room debating club that we started this winter the various methods of transit were under discussion, when Mrs. Midas, who was my neighbor, said to me:

"'I cannot speak from experience in any of the matter, for I have never been in a public conveyance in my life, except of course the railroads.'

"'Do you mean to say,' I exclaimed, for I could not realize that a woman of 50 years old, living in New York all her days, could, whatever might be her condition, really live so apart from the great mass of her fellow creatures, 'that you have never been in an omnibus or street car?'

"'Never,' she answered.

"'But the elevated railroads?' I persisted. 'What do you do when you wish to go a long distance?'

"'I drive,' she replied, looking mildly astonished. 'Surely you do not climb those stairs and go in those awful things?'

"No wonder that these people feel as if they were made of different clay from the rest of humanity! No aristocrat in Europe could hold herself more proudly aloof from the hoi polloi than do such women who by the power of money alone are thus alienated from their kind. Such class distinctions between those who have and those who have not, based upon nothing but sordid considerations, are undoubtedly widening the breach between the rich and the poor in this country."

"'They mean well, these rich women,' said a hard-working philanthropist, who had devoted years to the people and their needs, not merely bodily, but socially and intellectually. 'And we greatly need the money that they give, but I do wish that they would not drive down to our clubs with their carriages and footmen. I did not like to say that it was inappropriate and tended to destroy rather than foster the feeling of friendship and self-respect that we are trying to have established, but I tried to suggest to Mrs. Croesus, who has taken so much interest and donated such a large sum to our library, that it would save her so much time if she came down in the 'L.'"

"'My dear Miss T——,' she exclaimed, 'I would not go into these slums for the world without John and Thomas to protect me,' a remark which showed how hopelessly ignorant she was of the real meaning and scope of our work."—N. Y. Tribune.

A Miraculous Draught of Fishes.

The dwellers on the banks of the Neckar, near the good old German town of Heilbronn, had an experience the other day which must have reminded them of the miraculous draught of fishes. A few days ago, towards evening, the worthy Heilbronners perceived that the Neckar was towards both its banks, one moving mass of all sorts and conditions of fish, thronged landwards in seeming anxiety to be caught. Nor was this tacit appeal at all disregarded, for every man, woman, and child of the vicinity ran out with pots and pans, with spades and rakes, and pails and baskets to help himself (or herself) to a share of fish. The explanation of the miracle, which perchance might prove a hint to fisherfolk, was that the river had become so muddy, after recent heavy rains, that the fish found it difficult to breathe in the "thick" water, and had approached the banks for more air.—Westminster Gazette.